


THE

Gleaner



WINTER
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Gleaner

DELAWARE VALLEY COLLEGE

of

SCIENCE & AGRICULTURE

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WINTER, 1962

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SHORT STORY

"Buy Now, Pay Later"

J. Mertz

"Hey Buddy. Got a light?"

"Huh! Oh sure—Hey? Max Gordon! Well I'll be—How the devil did you land in this joint?!"

"Jerry! Jeez—this is a surprise! Long time no see."

"Yeah, I'll say. Say, let me buy you a beer. How've you been?"

"Fine, thanks. You're looking pretty good yourself. Margie's cooking must be up to par—if we went back to State and started all over again, you'd be a guard instead of an end."

"Yeah—I can't get over it! Running into you here! Tell me what you've been doing, boy!"

"Well, it'll take a while, I guess. Barkeeper, two more here. I'm still free and single—and lovin' every minute of it. So much for my family life. You know, I had that job with Mitchell Aircraft when we graduated. It was a good deal—clean work, no sweat, \$125 a week and two weeks off in the summer—the usual. It was alright for a while, but I kinda got restless. You know me. So I hit the road for the coast. I picked up a job in advertising in L.A. and set up quite a place—penthouse, the whole bit—they're still talking about it out there. I'm telling you we had some wild time out there! Then Uncle Sam decided to grab my talents and I had to come all the way back here to the draft board to report—some joke—the Army didn't want me—bless those football scares! I wound up in New York—designing labels for packing boxes of all things! About a year ago I heard about some guys out on the island who were pooling some dough to start working prefab fall-out shelters. They needed a salesman and the idea looked promising—you can't beat a good deal when you get in on the bottom floor, you know. Now I'm sales manager and pulling down \$11,000—I got my penthouse back."

"Say, that sounds great. But you've really been moving around, haven't you?"

"Yea, I guess I have, Say, How's Marg?"

"Oh fine. We've got three little ones now. I guess the last time I saw you we'd already had Susie, the oldest. Here's a picture of the whole crew."

"That's a fine looking family, Jerry."

(Continued on page 6)

The College Community

Martin R. Gilman

One of the purposes, besides the accumulation of knowledge, of a college education is to better prepare a person for harmonious living with his fellow man. When a student arrives on campus he finds himself in a strange place among strange people. Friends are quite easily made on campus, but what about in the nearby towns? Wherever there is a college campus there is invariably a town nearby. The newly arrived student is to spend his next four years in, what he hopes, is harmony with these people.

One of the chief causes of friction between the students and the town is the attitude that because we, the student body, give them, the townspeople, a lot of business they therefore owe us something—they HAVE to be nice to us. Instead of this fallacious thinking, we should rather be wondering what we can do for them and not what they can do for us. I feel that this college has taken great strides in this during the past few years. Two of the more recent examples are the formation of the Circle-K Club and the Boy Scout Explorer Post. The theme of the Circle-K Club is "service to the community" and everyone is familiar with the objectives of the Boy Scouts.

If the student would only consider the college town as if it were his own home town, and act accordingly, the reception which he would receive when he is in town, I am sure, would be much warmer. Would you dress sloppily, use profanity, or act rowdy in your home town where people know you? If not, why do it here? If the answer is yes—then you are not college material.

I am not attempting to say that the student alone should give all and receive nothing. The college-town relationship should be a symbiotic one. The townspeople must realize that the student is away from home, very often for the very first time, and has been thrust into a strange, trying atmosphere. They must try to understand his problems and frustrations.

Perhaps if both the townspeople and the student would genuinely try to live harmoniously, we would eventually be referred to as the Delaware Valley College rather than the "Farm School," and the students would not speak of the local townspeople with distaste.

Never Give Up

Allan Goldfarb

The words such as "never give up" can mean so much to one who has been rejected or neglected. These three words can give hope and another chance to one who feels on the verge of complete emptiness. The word "never" emphasizes the duty one has to himself and to others around him. The word "give" inspires one to make him hopeful that the next day will be one of success and good fortune. The word "up" perks up one's conscience, and leads him on the straight path of finding himself again.

In our colleges we find many young men who have been told that they will not be able to resume their studies at their colleges because of deficient academic performance. Men totaling many thousands a year are turned away from these institutions which once grabbed them. It's true that some do not deserve to be allowed to continue with their studies, but there are others who are average and by receiving a deficient grade or two are dropped from their college rolls. If a student is a "C" average student, his chances of receiving a deficient grade during his four years is very possible.

By receiving these deficient grades, men are dropped from college because they haven't made their average.

But let's remember that these men always passed all of their other courses and even though they receive a couple of deficient grades, they are dropped. One can plead his case before the Board, only to be turned down on the fact that his cumulative average isn't up to standards.

There is a student I know who attended a two-year Community College and received a B—average. He then transferred to a large university to major in Bacteriology. His average after one year dropped to a .91 on a 3 point marking system, after all his marks from the Community College were changed to a "C" upon transferring.

The university told him that he would have to leave for failing to make his cumulative average. This student offered to go to summer school to make up his deficient record. A week later after pleading his case he received a letter from the university saying it was impossible to take him back and they hoped his future wasn't ruined.

(Continued on page 6)

"The Deception"

Jake McCleary was a hunter and trapper of the highest form living in a region of Canada where hunting and trapping were allowed the year through. Jake was a tall, slim man with hardened features, but was characterized by his blue eyes, red hair, and his ever present smile.

Jake had the respect and admiration of his whole village. He was not a man to spend his time in bars, but rather spent his time at the general store where the towns people gathered around to hear him spin his famed hunting tales.

Jake's one big downfall was women, as it is with most men, but he was the shy type and didn't hold women in any esteem. Trouble began, however, when he was introduced to Gloria Wellsley. His insides seemed to catch fire and he had to leave the general store in a flurry.

Much of the following week was spent in the woods in order to hunt down a mountain lion which had been killing sheep in the pasture of a near by farmer. Jake had become a government hunter because of his great ability as a hunter. His job involved the eradication of bothersome animals. While Jake was on this hunt, Gloria paid a visit to his farm. Not finding anyone at home she supposed Jake to be in the barn doing his chores. As Gloria opened the door to the barn she was greeted by a noise so penetrating that it made her hair stand on end. As she peered into the barn, she saw row after row of cages in which were bears, cougars, mountain lions, raccoons, deer, and even snakes, all of which seemed to be chanting in unison. Gloria rushed from the barn and sped away in her car to town.

By the time Jake returned from his successful hunt, the news had spread all over the village and when he made his trip to the general store that night, he was called every evil name in the book.

Since his esecret was out Jake had to give an account of himself for his deception. He told the people how he loved the animals, and that he couldn't bare to kill them or to see them helplessly entangled in a trap. He caught the animals in live traps and brought them back to his farm where he took care of the animals and made pets out of them. He believed that as long as the animals weren't doing any harm his job had been accomplished.

With this he left the store. The following day he was greeted by a delegation from the village headed by Miss Wellsley. The delegation refuted their scorn and name calling, and gave Jake all the praise he deserved for the live capture and removal of the bothersome animals.

WALTER R. SHANNON

Let's Expand Our Knowledge

Allan Goldfarb

There are many in our colleges and universities who feel that they should study topics relating only to their major. It's very true that they should increase their knowledge of the field they are majoring in.

It is true too that they become near-sighted and neglect to delve into fields that approach their major.

It is of great importance that the student seek the literature of other majors in order to widen his academic background.

If one is majoring in Biology he, or she, should read articles on Physiology, Physics, Chemistry, and the other important related sciences. Sooner or later a student in one major may come in contact with experiments in those other fields which will apply to their own major.

To refuse to read articles outside one's major tends to create a student who will be left far behind in his major.

An educated individual is more highly respected if he demonstrates an understanding of other topics outside of their major.

Too me, an educated man or woman is one who will, and can, converse on material within their major as well as material from other fields.

At Delaware Valley College there has been a steadily rising opinion found among the students; they must read the literature of other fields to feel fully qualified in really understanding their own major.

My own experience in Biology has taught me to appreciate art. Form is the basic means by which one can appreciate the systems of the body. A good knowledge of art impresses upon one the importance of form to remember the basic and complete systems of the body.

I have also learned that books on technique can be an aid to help one

(Continued on page 7)

POETRY

To Die Is Not To Die

by *Phytophil*

What form of empyreal light
That brings us through the darkest night

Of birth, life and death,
And enters in our first drawn breath;
Is it a form of God with arms outspread,

That leads us through our fate ahead,
And feeds us of blood and immortal bread,

And echoes through our minds the words he said;

That to die is not to pass silently away;
But a new birth for a brighter day;

More like a child from a mother's womb,

And most unlike the stillness of a marble tomb;

Fear not, Oh you in graves of earth.
For you are of much nobler worth

Then can remain, in elements of dark;
But, please, the words once said do mark,

That when you pass this life and mirth,

You shall be born again of ethereal birth.

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More Than Grades

Bob Hilsen

Few places, like jails and oblivion, are easy to enter and difficult to leave. But this is not true with colleges.

There are two problems confronting people who are interested in going to college. One is getting into a college that has application far outnumbering the available facilities. Staying in college, once in, is another problem. It's a problem concerning the parents, students and college authorities.

Colleges try to limit admissions in the fairest possible way. They are dealing with the future of individuals, and no one knows better than the admissions officer that the decision needs to be the right one.

John Steinbaugh, director of admission to the University of Southern California, has stated: "One man excluded who could have succeeded and replaced by one man who does not succeed produces at least seven frustrated people: two students, four parents and one admissions officer."

How are the choices made? In most cases, college entrance is based upon:

- (1) Excellence of the applicant's high school grades.
 - (2) The results from the Scholastic Aptitude Test of the College Entrance Board, and
 - (3) An analysis of the individual.
- Through interviews with the prospective student, an admissions officer can find, or may not find, moral character, health, and personal goals.

Sound sensible? But why then do students who fulfill these requirements still fail in college? There are three areas where students, who drop out, seem to fail in:

(1) Goals—The sincerity of a stated goal is difficult to evaluate in an interview. Goals do have a bearing on success in college. A large proportion of dropouts have a hazy notion of why they were in college in the first place.

(2) Ability To Communicate—A survey of college freshmen by English teachers as to what knowledge and skills a freshmen must possess could be summed up in these words: "He should be able to write a paragraph that communicates a desired thought."

(3) Ability To Grasp Ideas—The process of comprehension upon which modern science rests calls for thought which some students have not acquired and which they actually seem to resist. Students, with the help of parents and teachers, should be concentrating on these things. This will give a greater assurance to their fu-

ture—they need to set their goals, practice writing and speaking and to recognize that the importance of mathematics and science is worth the effort of overcoming a few fears.

Hector the Salubrious

Now there is a fat little mouse named Hector who lives in the dormitory of a small but good boy's college. Of course he did not give himself that name but that doesn't matter.

Hector was admittedly a runt of a baby mouse who was born in a scrub oat field with a squealing litter of perhaps eight other field mice. Before Hector was even two weeks old his mother, who wasn't very nice to him anyway, was carried away by the local black snake who was later squashed by a tractor-trailer truck while he was crossing a road. But back to Hector. Soon after he discovered that 'Mumsey' had forsaken him, he decided to leave the only world he had ever seen, namely the oat field, and see if he could do better than eat oats and grass stalks. Now Hector wasn't particularly brave nor was he even slightly adventurous. This may startle you but I don't care: Hector was a snob! That's why he left. Imagine that if you will, a snob field mouse.

Not only was Hector a snob but he was a sly type cagey snob. He was able to snub and completely ignore a cat because it was a poor cat. Indeed that cat really was poor cat to be so baffled by a little brown mouse walking away with its nose up in the air and actually refusing to see a hungry feline maybe 500 times his size. This was no ordinary mouse and the freshman who slapped his cap over Hector knew it. Hector did not like the darkness nor the smell of the boy's hat so he promptly chewed a hole in the hat, which by the way didn't taste too good, and another hole in the boy's finger which tasted even worse.

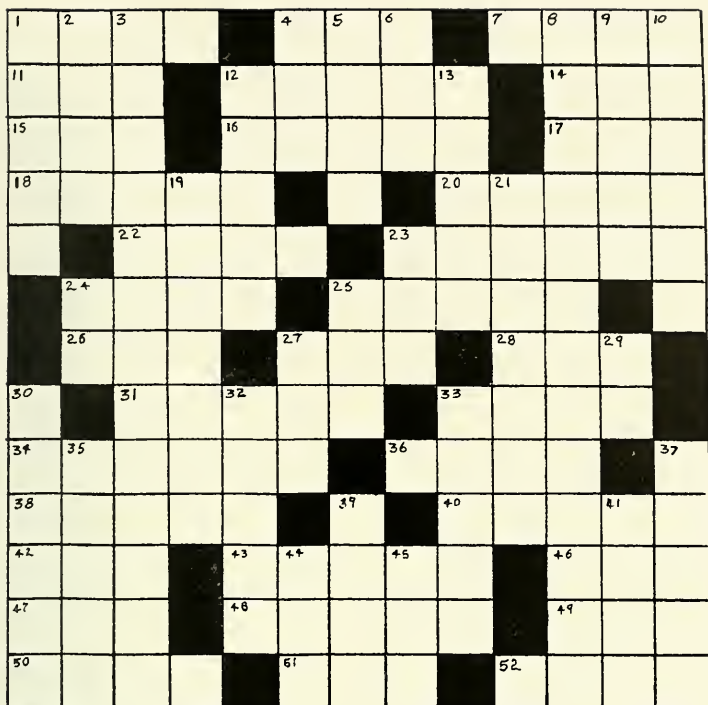
Fortunately Hector was inside the dormitory which was to be his home after he escaped from the darkness of that hat. He found temporary quarters under a suitcase in a closet. The farago of catastrophic events which followed Hector's arrival at college are almost too numerous to mention but I'll name a few. He ran over the dean's shoe. By gnawing the wires he short circuited the entire electrical system of the college and plunged it into a blissful darkness for 26 hours. He completely shredded the final examination paper for chemistry. That should have made him a hero except for the fact that the substitute copy of the final

was many times harder because the professor couldn't believe that a mouse did it.

About the time Hector was in the middle of his sophomore year a dedicated group of great white hunters was formed to finish him. In his junior year an equally dedicated group of great white hunters was formed to perpetuate Hector. Soon the two groups were so involved in furtive placement of laboratory frogs in each other's beds and thumbtacks on each other's chairs that they completely forgot about Hector which didn't bother him even a little. Hector was in mouse snob's heaven. College, food, warmth, intellectual stimulation, occasional attention, and a good chance for immortality because of a story one of the students wrote about him made him completely oblivious to minor events like West Berlin. There was only one thing that Hector missed, and you guessed it—female companionship. Hector knew all too well the truth of "Fame like shame stands lonely." He tried lewd pin ups of cute girl mice with suggestively shaved tails, but found just as his dubious colleagues had that pictures are a poor substitute. One day while gazing at a ubiquitous pin up, a freshman pondered about Hector's loneliness. Later that week the freshman brought two female mice from the same oat field Hector had come from. Alas, one of the mice was Hector's sister. Her girl friend, in addition to kinky whiskers and bitten nails, was an unbelievably wretched excuse for a mouse. As glad as he was to see other mice, he had to send them away because mice have taste and morals too you know.

Yesterday I saw Hector as he ran out of the cookey box my mother just sent me. He was fat and sleek but aging. Before he slid under the door he turned and gave me his customary bored, haughty look. I'm not kidding when I tell you that the superior look that mouse gave made me feel positively mousey. I picked up a book and threw it at him but he saw it was going to miss so he just stood there while the book bounced harmlessly to his left. The back was completely ripped from the pages when the book which incidently cost \$6.00, hit the ground. If you know me, you know I don't cry very much but after seeing that ruined book I was holding back the tears. Hector crawled up to my shoulder and gave me a big mouse kiss. I forgot to tell you that Hector is a very compassionate mouse.

MATTHEW POLIS



CROSSWORD PUZZLE

DOWN

1. Not lean
2. On the briny deep
3. Dictionary maker
4. Center of a wheel
5. Black
6. Western State (Abb.)
8. This is said to save nine (4 words)
9. — centric
10. Soothe
12. This is said to make waste
13. Time periods
19. Peaceful island harbors
21. Virtuous young ladies
23. Not in
24. The (French)
25. Wrong (Prefix)
27. Plural of 24 down
29. Mathematical symbol
30. A thin strip joining two pieces together
32. Form of water
33. Roger of baseball fame
35. One who inter twines
37. Each
39. Miss Fitzgerald of Jazz fame
41. Russian mountains
44. A speck
45. Air (combining form)

ACROSS

1. Drop
4. Chicken
7. Roman Emperor (Abb.)
11. Chemical Suffix
12. Hubert's nickname
14. Station (Abb.)
15. Cowboy star Ritter
16. On top of
17. Biblical pronoun
18. Coat and —
20. Organic compound
22. Felines
23. One who debates
24. Theater box
25. Series of rhythmic tones
26. Time past
27. English — (Abb.)
28. Author Lawrence (Initials)
31. Floral emblem of England
33. Hitler's — Kampf
34. Many are found in greenhouses
36. Is able (German)
38. A falling back, as in memory
40. These follow "Q"
42. "I" (German)
43. Mr. Stevenson
46. Madden
47. Born

48. Birthmarks
49. Blemish
50. Makes a mistake
51. Coal product
52. Depend

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A. DAVID SCHURR

NEVER GIVE UP (Continued)

The student was shocked after having completed three years, he was dropped from school. He was worried and wondered what the future had in store for him. One day his mother said, "never give up, there's always a second chance."

To this student, the chance of getting into another school looked impossible after having been dropped from a big university.

But this student applied to many colleges in hopes for acceptance. Soon the replies came with many rejections. One day, he read of a small college which had the major he wanted. He went to the college and told his story to the Dean.

Two weeks later, he was accepted as a non-matriculated student, until he was able to complete one year satisfactorily. He had been given a second chance, and one this student will never forget.

After two semesters, this student had made the Dean's list and had a 3.2 on a 4 point system. I hear this same student made a 2.9 average last semester.

This story of a student, who had been dropped from a big university because he missed making his cumulative average, has turned out to be a B student in his last 1½ years.

Even though you are turned down once, never give up! There's always a chance for you again to prove your ability.

In the case of this student, his second chance was his last chance to prove himself.

This senior Biology major, who will graduate this year, may be accepted by one of the dental schools he has applied too. When one has the life-long ambition to be in a certain profession, he will strive no matter how strong the odds may be to attain this goal.

Even if he doesn't gain admission to a dental school, he still has proved to himself and to others, that he has always been college material.

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BUY NOW, PAY LATER (Cont.)

The boy looks like he'll fill his old man's shoes on the squad at State."

"Huh! The little rascal's thrown some pretty mean tackles my way already."

"Say, Max, you're in the business—what's the word on these fall-out shelters anyway? Margie's brought up the idea of building one a couple of times. I think she'll beg me until I give in."

"Nothin' round here, Barkeeper. Well we like to think no family should be without one. We've had a couple of our models tested by the government out in Utah—regular atomic blasts. I've seen the lab data on what goes on when one of those bombs goes off and brother without a shelter, you're lost."

"They're pretty expensive, though, aren't they?"

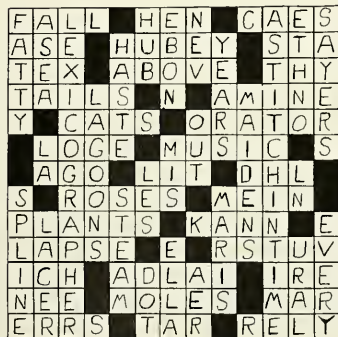
"Not a bit, when you consider the assurance they offer your family. I could fix you up with a concrete job—entrance from your cellar, complete food, water and medical considerations for a two week period; roomy, comfortable; electric generation, ventilator—the works for under two thousands—as a favor to an old buddy from State."

"Hey, that's not so bad. I figured at least three grand. You say they tested these things out with the real things?"

"Yep! We had three models out there for testing. They packed them full of radiation instruments and not a one of them was penetrated—and one was only two miles from the blast!"

"Now that's what I call alright! Just hop in the little ole fall-out shelter and sack out for a couple of weeks. Then come out, and start picking up where we left off. Margie 'll like that."

"Yeah."



"Say, Max—what'll it be like when it's all over. I mean, you know. They drop the bomb and we drop the bomb and back and forth until they give up. I mean, I know a lot of people are going to get killed and there'll be a lot of houses burned down and things like that. But, let's say we're tucked away in the shelter, safe underground and a bomb goes off five miles away. I mean, will things be pretty messed up and all?"

"Whew! Another round Bartender. Look, Jerry. I'll give it to you straight—The bomb goes off, right. It sends up a cloud of radioactive dust and that stuff drops down on everything. But you won't have to worry, you'll be in your shelter."

"Okay. Okay! But what about when we come out? Will things still be the same? I mean, will I be able to work back in the garden and pick up some apples so Marg can make us a fresh pie? Will everything be alright?"

"Look, Jerry, I've gotta go. It's been great talking to you, but I'm late already. Here's my card—if you want a shelter, drop me a line and we'll send you all the scoop sheets—I'll get you 20% off the price of whatever you want—"

"Wait, Max. Just answer my question, will ya? I mean, Marge might worry about what it'll be like when it's all cooled down. What'll I tell her?"

"Look old buddy, I'm sorry as hell, but I gotta go. The boss 'll have my neck. Bartender, another beer for my buddy here, will you. I'll be seeing you, Jerry."

"Max. Wait!"

"S'long, Jerry."

Washington:

The first child born in 1962 will owe \$1,603. So will every other child born during the year. That figure is the per-capita share of the public debt. Let's not make it bigger.

The dollar, with 100 cents purchasing power at the beginning of the century, has 28 cents worth today (the two bit dollar is almost at hand.) If inflation continues at the rate since the Korean War, the dollar will not to 16.2 cents at the end of this century.

The federal debt and guaranteed obligations of the federal government, \$295 billions, surpass by \$42 billions all the debts of all the other countries in the world. Uncle Sam's load is really our load.

EXPAND KNOWLEDGE (Cont.)

to improve. Also, it is necessary, if one plans to remain in the animal portion of Biology, to have a good, concise understanding of Philosophy, Sociology, Physics, Chemistry, Mathematics, Bacteriology, and many more of the vital courses.

Actually every course I have taken in my four years of college has aided me in better understanding my major. When I spoke of the vital courses, I inferred that each course should be treated as if it were just as important as the courses you had previously taken. For every new course you take increases your knowledge of your own major.

Although you must spend most of your time on the literature in your major, you must be willing to sacrifice some time to read the material of other majors. The time you may sacrifice will reap you greater benefits in the future than you realize now.

To learn is to earn! One never learns all, but he, or she, reaches out to grasp as much diversified material to make a successful beginning in their own major.

"Knowledge is the key to success!" But the knowledge on one area will not make you adaptable to the surrounding areas. To learn is to be put on the path way of searching.

You must strive in your academic endeavors to decentralize yourself in order to come in contact with other information outside of your field. To centralize your learning to one "niche" will only tend to keep you on one plateau the remainder of your life.

• • •

An apology is due to Mr. A. David Schurr for not having acknowledged his past efforts in supporting this publication.

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forcast for March

20th to 23rd—Snow or rain in the northeast, squalls in the south. Clearing in central areas and cooler.

24th to 27th—Fair in the Mississippi Valley, becoming overcast and windy, threatening in the east but pleasant in most sections.

28th to 31st—Fair in the Great Lakes, Ohio valley and New England states, warmer in the southeast. Scattered showers in the Mississippi valley.

forcast for April

1st to 3rd—Severe winds and heavy rains in central and eastern sections.

4th to 7th—Clearing and cooler in the northeast, mostly fair in the south. Pleasant in the Mississippi valley.

8th to 11th—Local storms in central and eastern areas.

12th to 15th—Fair in the upper Atlantic states, warmer in the south, becoming unsettled.

